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# Alphonse and Gaston

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A FARCE-COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

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BY FRANK DUMONT.

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# Alphonse and Gaston.

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## ACT I. SCENE, THE YACHT.

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### CHARACTERS IN ACT I.

Alphonse } two unlucky French Tourists.  
Gaston }

Larry Finnegan, a retired Policeman and Saloonkeeper.

Weary Walker, a Tramp, of course, and a Stowaway.

Ura Cinch, a Promoter of Schemes to "do up" everybody.

Broncho Crockett, a wealthy Cattle Rancher, from Texas.

Captain of the Yacht.

Jack Scuppers, First Mate.

Widow Garrity, looking for a titled husband.

Delia Garrity, her Daughter, also a seeker for titles.

Gladys Pearlpowder, an Actress.



## SCENE—Act. I.

Steam yacht at wharf or dock; awning over yacht's deck—arranged to be blown away in storm effect. Horizon at back. Gang plank from yacht's deck to stage. Set wharf piece across. This is to be removed at cue, and discover sea cloth. On the yacht's deck is seen a profile cabin, also to be removed; mast to be pulled up, or tripped during squall and storm.

Music. At rise of curtain, ladies attired as sailors, or semi-cadets, armed with foils or small cutlasses, come down gang plank to stage.

CHORUS—We are sailor laddies, we plough the raging main,

We all have been to Europe, but we're sailing back again,  
To the land of Yankee Doodle, that's good enough for me,  
Where you are free to help yourself, to the best that you can see;  
We can climb the rigging, we can reef a sail,  
We can weigh the anchor, or run into a whale;  
For we are salty sea dogs, that's why we sail a bark,  
But really we are hoss marines, upon a jolly lark.

Repeat first four lines for climax.

(Can introduce hornpipe)

(Go into fencing bout, as chorus repeats, girls lunging, parrying, and attitudes of fencing ad lib, crossing blades, and "a touch" for finale).

CAPTAIN (of steamer enters down from cabin)—That's right, sailor lads, exercise with those blades—some day you may be called upon to defend yourselves.

SAILORS—We can defend ourselves now—do you doubt it? (All lunge at him).

CAPTAIN (starts back)—Hold on! Hold on!

SAILORS—We'll stick you for the drinks.

CAPTAIN—No, I came near being stuck just now; if you want to stick anybody, there is a variety of material on this pleasure yacht, but here comes the gentleman who pays for it all.

(Sailors cheer).

BRONCHO CROCKETT (a rich Texan cattle owner, but a wild and woolly individual at times, enters from yacht. All salute).—Enjoy yourselves everybody. I can't get rid of my money fast enough. When I was a cowboy, I didn't know the value of it, and now that I've got cattle and money to burn, I haven't got time to count it.

SAILORS—Oh! you're so generous.

BRONCHO—I've had a trip to Europe on my own yacht—invited whom I liked, and had a great time—but there's no place like Texas. Soon as the yacht is fixed up we'll start for America (all cheer), and you can bet your boots it's the only country fit to be on the map.

URA CINCH (bunco man, schemer and promoter, enters from yacht)—Good morning, everybody—Mr. Crockett, the top of the morning to you—Sailors, I take off my hat to you—can I supply you with wives?

SAILORS—Not on your life.

CINCH—Captain, do you need a loving partner to share your money and make life a dream, or a nightmare?

CAPTAIN—No, I never carry any excess baggage.

CINCH.—Mr. Crockett, how are you fixed? Can I fix it for you to pay somebody's board and millinery bills for the rest of your life?

BRONCHO—When the right one comes along, I'll lasso her, brand her, put a maverick on her, corral her, and fatten her up for the general round up. (laughs). But not for the beef trust.

CINCH—Let me supply a wife for you. That's my business, getting people into matrimony, and getting them out of it again—I'm a matrimonial agent, I issue marriage certificates, with divorce coupons attached. Mr. Crockett, let me give you a sample of my goods.

BRONCHO—I'll get my own material, see?

CINCH—(imitates) I'll get my own material, see? (Sees Crockett's anger, and subsides, and bows to him). Now, here's a catch for some rich girl—here is manly beauty and wealth combined. He took the first prize at the beauty show.

LARRY FINNEGAN—(enters from yacht, and bows to everybody). How is it I wasn't woke up in time for breakfast? I'll have to live on the smell of tar and salt water for the rest of the day, I suppose.

BRONCHO—I suppose you will. Get up when you're called, or you don't eat. (to capt.) Come along, Captain, we must hurry the repairs on the yacht, and start off quick as possible.

LARRY—Ye can't lave these foreign places any too soon to suit me—I'd rather be sea sick than stay here.

BRONCHO—We start in an hour. There's a storm brewing, but we may escape it. (exits with Capt., R. 1 E.)

LARRY—It would be my luck to get the worst of it. (Song by Finnegan)—  
(Sailors enter R. and L.)

(Julia Garrity and her daughter, and Soubrette, enter from yacht. Cinch runs up, and offers his arm to them—Larry does the same, but the ladies accept Cinch—who gives Larry the laugh, and he retires in disgust).

WIDOW—What a lovely day for a promenade on the water, where the little smelts are swimming along with the dried codfish and the red herrings.

LARRY—(aside). Two sunfish in company with a sucker. (Tries to flirt with ladies).

WIDOW—(To Cinch). Who is that horrible looking man, with his face full of countenance, and the complexion of a fried egg? (meaning Larry).

CINCH—A very rich man, owner of Blarney Castle, and Lakes of Killarney, and half of the Atlantic Ocean.

WIDOW—He's not so homely; if he'd only wear his face upside down, then he'd look better.

DELIA—You know the old adage, Beauty is only skin deep.

WIDOW—He ought to be skinned as deep as possible.

DELIA—Mr. Cinch, we want an introduction. (Larry glad, thinks they mean him).

WIDOW—Yes, we want an introduction to—to (Larry joyful).

DELIA—To the French gentlemen, Alphonse and Gaston. (Larry falls flat).

WIDOW—(To Cinch). Did you hear anything drop?

CINCH—Nothing of any consequence.

LARRY—I'll kill those two frog eating Frenchmen. (rises).

CINCH—I'll find out their rank.

LARRY—They're rank enough—they smell of garlic and onions a mile off.

DELIA—Oh, mamma, buy me a Duke or a Prince?

WIDOW—I want an Emperor or Sultan myself—don't forget that.

CINCH—You shall have noblemen, I swear it.

LARRY—Why wasn't I born a Duke or King of Ireland, instead of being a cop, then a saloonkeeper, a plain citizen, and a Democrat.

WIDOW—As soon as you have ascertained their rank introduce me, and present your bill. I'll liquidate it, with voracity. Come along, Delia, we'll ramble on the

fifty cent deck—the quarter deck is too cheap for your mamma. (Bows to Cinch, ignores Larry, Cinch escorts them to yacht's deck, bowing. Larry imitates it to imaginary ladies; ladies exit into cabin).

LARRY—Say, you, come here, you schemer. You promised to introduce me to that rich widow and you throw me down for two monkey Frenchmen, Camphene and Gastritis.

CINCH—You mean Alphonse and Gaston. Be patient, something may happen to them.

LARRY—Something will happen 'em. I used to be a policeman in New York and I'm handy clubbing foreigners.

CINCH—Give me \$20 and I'll tell you of my new scheme—(gets money)—we'll put up a job on Alphonse and Gaston and make 'em wish they were dead. (Imitates Alphonse and Gaston "After you, my dear Alphonse—No Gaston, I beg of you to be first").

LARRY—(imitates) I beg your tobacco, Gaston, no, yours, my dear Alphonse; ah, they make me sick.

Widow and Delia return from yacht.

WIDOW—Ah, here they come, Alphonse and Gaston—Oh, they're so sweet, so recherche.

DELIA—They are dreams of manly beauty—so polite and elegant; I love them.

LARRY—(angrily) A couple of French lobsters.

WIDOW—(to Cinch) Oh, get one of them for me.

Draw Straws—The one long straw, long Frenchman; short straw, short Frenchman.

DELIA—(to Cinch) Get the prettiest one for me, either Alphonse or Gaston.

WIDOW—Gaston or Alphonse for me—both are little cupids.

Music.

Sailors enter R. and L., enter Alphonse and Gaston from yacht.

Song.

ALPHONSE and GASTON.

You've seen our lovely photographs in ze Morning Journale,  
It makes ze fun of both of us, sometimes I turn quite pale,  
I wish to catch ze editor, I make ze duel fight,  
I kill him dead upon ze spot, wiz one great big delight.

Chorus.

I beg of you, to let me kill, you first, my dear Alphonse,  
Oh no, Gaston, I beg of you, let me be first, for once,  
I fill him full of bullet shots, the sabre I cut him on,  
He will be killed by me Alphonse, I shoot him dead, Gaston.

Full Chorus.

They bow polite, and wish to fight, each strives to be the one. Excusez moi—my dear Alphonse, I beg of you, Gaston

2d Verse.

They wish to make me fall in love, wiz rich Americaines,  
But after you, my dear Alphonse, Gaston will beg again.  
So hand in hand, La Belle France, we journey across ze sea,  
Alphonse, my name, Oh that is me, Gaston, yes, that is me.

After Chorus.

ALPHONSE—I am much afraid ze weather is very stormy—and I feel like ze volcano—in my stomach—I go heave ze anchor, I guess.

GASTON.—After you, my dear Alphonse—if you are seeck, I beg you vill ze heave first.

ALPHONSE—I beg of you to be sea sick first and to be at ze side of ze ship.

GASTON—I entreat you, Alphonse, to be sea sick first.

LARRY—Well, what do you think of that? Those two Frenchmen want each other to be sea sick first. I've a notion to kill them now. (about to take off coat, when Cinch prevents him).

CINCH—Not yet. They're yours. Let 'em live a while longer. (Larry pacified).

CAPT.—We're going to have a sudden squall—see those dark clouds—and the waves are rising higher and higher.

ALPHONSE—Yes, it is almost up to my throat now—I cannot keep him down much longer.

GASTON—I beg of you, my dear Alphonse, don't keep him down on my account, I implore you to be first, my dear friend. (Both look at each other, then stagger to end of wharf, sick—sailors laugh, Larry in great glee over it).

LARRY—Go it, ye Frinch scalliwags—holler Europe—till you're dead.

WIDOW—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, making fun of those gentlemen—those titled noblemen.

DELIA—Yes, it shows your low origin, and common bringing up.

GASTON—Bring it up, Alphonse.

ALPHONSE—I beg of you (bus) bring him up (bus) first. (bus. at wharf).

LARRY—Well, I've insulted the ladies, by laughing at those Frenchmen—but their name is mud—if I have to sink the yacht.

(Alphonse and Gaston nearly fall overboard from their exertions of vomiting—ladies scream—sailors catch them.)

LARRY—Let go of 'em; let 'em go over. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

CAPT.—What, ho there. Bring the starboard anchor. (Sailors exclaim, Aye, aye, sir; and exit R. 2 E).

(Alphonse and Gaston, pale and sick, come down C., bowing to each other).

ALPHONSE—I beg you to go to ze cabin, to lie down yourself.

GASTON—No, my dear Alphonse, you go first—I after you.

Gruff old sailor, assisted by four or five others, brings on a very large padded black anchor, they carry it on their shoulders making it appear as if very heavy—they all shout, "get out of the way, etc." Larry glad to see them in the way. They push over Alphonse and Gaston, and drop the anchor on them both. They yell, squirm, etc., all rush to assist in raising the anchor off their bodies. Larry helps to raise anchor, and then lets go, and drops anchor on top of them again. Finally get it off. Widow and Delia in great agitation at their peril. Anchor taken on yacht. Capt. raises Alphonse, Cinch raises Gaston, They go toward cabin, all "broke up," legs twisted, back broken, sliding knock kneed business. At door they want to bow, and beg each other to pass in first—Capt. and Cinch shove them in, being out of patience with them.

WIDOW—Come and see if they are hurt—Oh, how careless people are with anchors.

DELIA—If they die, I'll be a widow before I'm married. (They enter cabin).

LARRY—They'll die, if I can assist them to a funeral.

Sailors return from yacht, with Weary Walker, a tramp, found as a stowaway on the vessel.

MATE—Captain, we found this tramp hid in under twenty tons of coal—he's a stowaway.

CAPT.—What's your name?

TRAMP—Weary Walker, gentleman of leisure—an American by birth, and a tourist by occupation.



CAPT.—Set him to work shoveling coal.

TRAMP.—Give me a job shoveling snow, won't you?

CAPT.—Away with him, and see that he shovels ten tons a minute.

(Tramp faints, sailors hustle him on yacht—followed by Captain.)

CINCH—Finnegan, I have an idea,

LARRY—(Pays him). I knew you'd ask me for money—there it is—what's the matter?

CINCH—I'll sneak into the Frenchmen's cabin, borrow some of their clothing, you and the tramp will be Alphonse and Gaston. Catch the idea? If the widow and daughter want men of noble birth, they'll have them.

LARRY—I'll be a Frinch Irishman.

CINCH—You'll be Alphonse; the tramp, Gaston, as I said before. I'll keep the Frenchmen locked in their cabin. I'll get their wardrobe if I have to steal it from their backs, see the point. (extends hand.)

LARRY—(Pays money). I do. We'll make love to the widow and daughter, and the Frenchmen will be chucked overboard.

CINCH—They'll be euchered. A storm is brewing, and it gives us a great chance to play the game with success. Come along.

LARRY—But I can't talk French.

CINCH—I'll teach you a few words, and I'll do the same for the tramp. After you, my dear Alphonse.

LARRY—No, I beg your tobacco, after the ball, Gaston. (They imitate the two Frenchmen ad lib, and exit into cabin.)

BRONCHO—(Enters R. 1 E., with Gladys). So you tell me the two Frenchmen insulted you, did they? Well I'll just bore a hole in them, and throw them to the sharks.

GLADYS—Oh, you are so kind and good natured.

BRONCHO—That's what we do down in Texas. If we don't like anybody, we just wipe them out. These two Frenchmen came on my yacht, thinking it was a passenger steamer—and I let 'em stay. Now, like a gentleman, I'll shoot 'em first and let 'em explain afterwards.

GLADYS—Oh, thank you, Mr. Crockett, I don't think they'll live after you kill them.

BRONCHO—I never miss my man. I'll go and hunt them up now. (They exit up gang plank, and into cabin.—Alphonse and Gaston look out of porthole.)

ALPHONSE—How do you feel now, my dear Gaston?

GASTON—Let me ask after your health first, I insist—

ALPHONSE—No, I insist—I beg of you to ask first—(Larry comes out with bricks—looks over side of yacht—sees them and hits both on head, with padded bricks. Slap stick sound in entrance. Larry runs back. Alphonse and Gaston, with exclamations of pain, withdraw their heads.)

CINCH—(Comes from cabin). Everything is O. K. I got two suits for my partners in crime, and I think we'll make it hot until they leave the yacht. We sail in a few moments, and I wish I could lose them somewhere. Here comes the real idiots. (withdraws as Alphonse and Gaston come from cabin, and sneaks up gang plank, when they come down to stage.)

ALPHONSE—My dear Gaston, it was one brick on ze head.

GASTON—Excuse me, I think it was one brick bat—and you was struck first.

ALPHONSE—No, it was you first, I beg to say, it was you.

GASTON—No, it was you. I beg you will say yes.

Mate wheels in a large trunk, on a truck, shouts for them to get out of the way, sees them as they are bowing and capering to each other, he knocks them down, dumps trunk on them, takes it off of them, puts it on truck, wheels it off R., giving them fits

for being in the way. As they lie there, a man enters R. 1 E., with bushel basket of eggs and sawdust. Trips over them, spill eggs and sawdust on them. Gives them fits as he gathers up eggs, etc. into basket. Kicks and threatens them, and exits L. 1 E. Alphonse and Gaston get up, and bow to each other.

GASTON—It was my fault, my dear Alphonse—please let me apologize.

ALPHONSE—No, let me apologize first. (bowing, etc. Enters painter, L. 1 E. has big can of flour and flat brush—Frenchmen are in his way—yells to them to move on, and let him pass. They keep on bowing, he dips brush into flour, gets a lot of it on flat brush, and dabs it into Gaston's face—then another brushful into Alphonse's face—threatens them, and exits R. 1 E. Alphonse and Gaston stagger up on gang plank, and there a shower of old tomato cans fall on them, from above, in flies. They stagger to cabin door, which is suddenly opened, and some one there with a bladder hits both (one after the other) quick and closes the door. Alphonse and Gaston come to C. of deck, and fall through a skylight in deck of yacht, and down below the wharf line—crash heard—this trap and papered frame can be closed or removed after this business. Soon as they fall through trap, Larry and tramp, as duplicate Alphonse and Gaston, come from cabin—down gang plank to stage, R. & L., and begin bowing to each other. The real Alphonse and Gaston look out of porthole, are astonished, utter cry of surprise, and close ports).

Broncho appears on deck, from cabin, fires a shot at each man—Larry and Tramp fall in funny positions. Widow and Delia scream, and come from cabin.

WIDOW—My Alphonse is killed.

DELIA—My Gaston is murdered. (They run to each).

CINCH.—(Coming from cabin). What has happened?

BRONCHO—These two Frenchmen insulted a lady on my yacht, and I have shot 'em full of lead, that's all.

CINCH.—(Aside). Jiminy Christmas—he's killed the wrong Frenchmen. (Goes to Larry and Tramp)-

BRONCHO—Come along, ladies, I'll have them buried in the Ocean.

Widow and Delia cry bitterly, and are led into cabin.

CINCH—Here, don't play off dead any longer.

LARRY—Don't let that crazy man get another shot at me. (rises) What's the matter with him anyway.

TRAMP—(Sits up). Say, it's all off; get me my clothes; I don't want to be a Frenchman.

CINCH—Come with me; did you see the widow cry? Now's your chance—Make hay while the sun shines. Come along. (They go up gang plank, Tramp bowing to Larry).

LARRY—Cheese that—we haven't any time to be fools. (Cinch shoves them into cabin—and the real Alphonse and Gaston come out of the other swinging or pivot door).

CINCH—I thought I told you to get down in the lower cabin. Eh? (Discovers it is the real Frenchmen—all bow to each other, ad lib—Cinch goes into cabin. Alphonse and Gaston come down C).

GASTON—I beg you will allow me to explain.

ALPHONSE—No, my dear Gaston, I will explain to you.

(Broncho appears from cabin, and is surprised).

BRONCHO—What, not dead yet? (Fires at each—they fall, heels in the air). I've fixed them this time.

Alphonse and Gaston look up, then lay their heads down quick again; look at each other, and bob down again. Widow and Delia come from cabin crying, and Frenchmen look up.

DELIA—Oh, Ma, Gaston is not dead.

WIDOW—And Alphonse is still alive. Speak to me—do you want some wine?

DELIA—Do you want a glass of wine to revive you? (Frenchmen sit up, and nod yes. Widow and Delia run up gang plank, into cabin).

GASTON—My dear Alphonse, they will steal us to poison us.

ALPHONSE—The ladies want to get us for some museum—we will escape.

GASTON—You run first, my dear Alphonse. (bowing, etc., they exit L. 2 E.)

(Larry and Tramp come from cabin down to C).

TRAMP—You can do as you like—I'm going to resign being a parlee voo fansey.

LARRY—I'm going to throw up the job myself. (Widow and Delia come from cabin, each with a glass of wine).

WIDOW—Here's your wine, gentlemen. (Delia gives wine to Gaston, widow to Alphonse—who surprised, take and drink it, then bow);

DELIA—Are you much hurt?

TRAMP—Not now, I'm cured entirely.

LARRY—That's the kind of medicine.

WIDOW—I was so afraid I was going to lose you.

LARRY—You can't lose me.

DELIA—(To Tramp). You pretty thing, you, I'm so glad you're not dead.

TRAMP—I'm so glad, that you're glad I'm glad. (Bows, etc., Larry puts arm around widow, Tramp does the same with Delia).

WIDOW—You foreigners are such great love makers.

DELIA—Yes, you are so impetuous.

LARRY—We foreigners are funny people.

WIDOW—What part of France do you come from?

LARRY—Limerick! I mean, Paree. Paree, County Down, Patrick. You know what I mean. It's next to the opposite side of the other place. What a nice waist you have. I like to get around you. (hugs her ad lib.)

DELIA—Give me some of that? (Tramp hugs her).

WIDOW—Now wait here a minute, and I'll get my mantilla, and we'll take a short stroll before the yacht sails. (Ladies run towards cabin, kissing hands to Larry and Tramp, as they exit. The bogus Frenchmen capering and returning the kisses. As they are thus engaged, Broncho is heard to shout in the cabin).

BRONCHO—Load my other gun, I may want to use it. (Larry and Tramp lie down on stage, quick, Broncho looks out of cabin, sees the dead bodies, and is satisfied. Closes door of cabin. Before Larry and Tramp can arise, Alphonse and Gaston enter L. 2 E., they are surprised to see counterparts of themselves on ground—they come down C., amazed. Larry and Tramp look up, bob down again, as Frenchmen turn to gaze at them, repeat this business twice, then both arise, and run off L. 2 E. When Frenchmen turn, they note the mysterious disappearance).

ALPHONSE—My dear Gaston, tell me if I am crazy.

GASTON—You tell me first if I am one imbecile. (As they are bowing, enter widow and Delia from yacht—grab them by the arm, and in spite of their protests, and pulling back, fairly hustle them out R. 2 E. Then Larry and Tramp return L. 2 E. laughing. Broncho enters from yacht—comes between them—they turn and see him and collapse).

BRONCHO—You miserable French cowards—I won't waste a bullet on you—but I'll kill you with something else. Wait here, wait here. (shouts this ad lib, as he runs back into yacht.)

LARRY—Wait here, like fun I will.

TRAMP—I'm not going to my own funeral. (they run off.)

Alphonse and Gaston enter R.

ALPHONSE—Let us guess if everyone is crazy like us.

GASTON—My dear Alphonse, you guess first, you guess first.

(Broncho comes down with boxing gloves on, and pair under his arms.)

BRONCHO—(loud) Put them on, put them on.

GASTON—You first, my dear Alphonse.

ALPHONSE—I beg of you to put them on. (Broncho very angry, compels them to put on gloves, short, funny three handed glove fight, until both Frenchmen are knocked out flat, R. & L.)

BRONCHO—Three cheers for Texas! (goes up gangplank, when Larry and Tramp enter L. 2 E., and rush up to hide on yacht, not seeing Broncho until they are close to him. He turns quickly, sees it is Alphonse and Gaston, and deals Larry and Tramp a blow each. They stagger back, and fall flat on stage, making four Frenchmen lying apparently dead. Broncho enters cabin in great fury. Widow and Delia run in R., scream when they see four on the ground.)

WIDOW—There's four Frenchmen—I'm seeing double. Help! help!

Music.

Stage grows darker—all characters on—Capt., Broncho, Mate, Cinch, etc.

CINCH—Who has committed this horrible murder? (Thunder and lightning—storm at hand—Alphonse and Gaston, Larry and Tramp jump up—ladies scream—Frenchmen dash pell mell for yacht, and cabin, with Larry and Tramp.)

CAPT.—Cut her loose—quick, the storm is at hand.

Ladies run across stage, down, here and there, as if blown by the wind—This to cover up gangplank being removed, and wharf pulled off; stage darker, storm more furious—men are buffeted here and there. Cinch struggles across with umbrella, which becomes turned inside out, men cross with coats off, when all is ready, lights go out, stage dark, then crash of thunder, lights up—wreck of yacht—yacht whirled around and around, Cinch in its middle—Larry and Tramp at bow and stern, clinging to it—Widow, Delia, and Broncho about C., with Cinch, the Frenchmen are seen in the air, clinging to umbrellas, swinging back and forth, people in entrances screaming and shouting, as stage is clear of other characters.

CURTAIN.

# Alphonse and Gaston.

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ACT II. SCENE, MONTE CARLO, IN NEW YORK.



## SCENE—Act II.

The Temple of Fortune, Monte Carlo in New York, splendid interior, platform at back, with trick stairs—pool and race placards, and blackboard—table to change to a parlor organ—table to “trick” up into a bookcase (see MSS for additional fixtures, etc.) On stage several tables and lounges.

Music.

Ladies discovered.

Chorus.

CINCH—(enters down steps, attended by a waiter). Keep a sharp lookout for the police—although I pay for police protection, I may not get it. (bows to ladies). Ladies, you are welcome to spend your husband's money and your own, also.

WAITER—I will admit no one without invitation cards. By the way, here are two ladies, and something with them.

Delia and Widow enter, escorted by Sol Levinski, comedy Hebrew, they come downstairs, and are greeted by Cinch.

WIDOW—Oh, what a gorgeous palace—just like the one occupied by my ancestors at Tara's Halls, with Brian Boru.

DELIA—So this is what they call Monte Carlo in New York, it is perfectly exquisite.

SOL—Just like the palace of my ancestors in Hester Street, under King Solomon.

CINCH—This is a ladies club, to dabble in stocks, horse races, matrimony, and other trivial affairs.

WIDOW—How about that titled husband for me? I've paid you twice, have you forgotten it?

CINCH—Not by any means—I have two or three in view—but the wreck of the yacht made me forget all about it.

WIDOW—Alphonse is my selection, if he is titled and rich.

DELIA—And Gaston is good enough for me, if he can “read his title clear.”

CINCH—Be seated, ladies, and trust in me. Providence, R. I., used to be good enough to trust in, but me, I'm a cinch. (They sit at table—enter Broncho and Gladys, Cinch bows them in).

CINCH—Welcome to the Temple of Fortune.

BRONCHO—I've been lucky all my life, and I dare say I'll break the bank.

CINCH—We've got this place open to let lucky people win all our money, (laughs).

BRONCHO—Well, I've come prepared to win—(shows pistols) and if there's any monkey business in the game, I'll kill the proprietor.

CINCH—Oh, that'll be nice.

SOL—For heaven's sake, let him win. He's got a pistol. He might miss you, and hit me.

GLADYS—Wouldn't that be nice. Oh say, I've invited some of my theatrical friends to enliven the occasion—I'm going to Texas.

BRONCHO—As Mrs. Broncho Crockett—who has any objections?

CINCH—Not me, Mr. Texas, it was through me that you secured your wife.

WAITER—(announces) Two more gentlemen, one looks like ready money, the other like half past six.

Larry and Tramp enter, coming downstairs.

LARRY—Hello, Cinch, how about the wife I paid you to get for me? But the wife I looked for never came.

CINCH—You'll get her. It's all fixed. (to Tramp) How dare you come here in rags and tatters, go get a dress suit—get a dress suit by hook or by crook.

TRAMP—If I can't crook one. I'll hook one. Don't worry, I'll get a dress suit.

SOL—Let me take your measure and fit you out. Business before pleasure.

TRAMP—I'll get one by hook or crook—ah, ladies, glad to see you—Mr. Crockett, yours truly. Widow, yours devotedly. Miss Delia, yours affectionately.

LARRY—That'll do—go sit down in the refrigerator, and keep cool—ah, widow, your most stupendous admirer—(bows) Your most delicate and volcanic sciatica.

WIDOW—Oh, what beautiful language—take my arm, or I'll take yours—take me into the confectionery to view the exotics and the dandelions. (Larry winks at Cinch, and exits with Widow R. 2 E., Tramp pantomimes to Delia, to join him for a ramble—she nods "yes", and Tramp and Delia have extravagant exit R., Sol pantomimes to imaginary lady, offers arm, and exits R., chatting with the imaginary woman).

Music "Marsaillaise."

Enter Alphonse and Gaston, L. U. E., fall down the trick stairs—slippery day business, they see Broncho, rise, and caper up-stairs, and out. Broncho tries to shoot after them, but is prevented by waiter, Cinch and Gladys, who hold and pacify him.

BRONCHO—They belong to me—I'm their undertaker, sexton, and the whole cemetery.

CINCH—After their reception, Colonel, as a dessert and finishing touch to the festivities, you can kill the two Frenchmen.

BRONCHO—No, I must kill them now—(removes coat, ladies scream). They hoodooed my yacht and escaped me by going up in the air with umbrellas. They'll have to get a balloon this time. (Runs upstairs, followed by Gladys, Cinch and Waiter. Rest of ladies exit L. 2 E.)

TRAMP—(enters R. 2 E. and finds the coat). There's a good beginning—I've got a coat—now for the pants and vest—by hook or by crook. (exits L. 2 E. Enter Alphonse and Gaston, from vampires, right and left of stage, (roll outs) they sit up, and bow to each other).

ALPHONSE—We have been invited here to be killed.

GASTON—Yes, invited here to be massacred—(they arise) the trouble now is, to get out, my dear Alphonse.

ALPHONSE—The trouble is to get out with our lives, my dear Gaston. (As they are speaking, they lean on the figures, which are on each side of the stairs, and which bend over—Alphonse to R., Gaston to L., allowing them to fall to the floor—and the figures resume positions. In astonishment they retreat, and sit on lounge R. & L., and vampire doors in top of lounge let them fall through it, with feet up—crash with each fall, they arise and seek to escape upstairs, steps flip and both fall and stagger, to chairs, R. & L., to lean upon its back, the backs on rubber, sink down or backward and throw them down again. In despair, they run to the black-board, which is tipped over, on their heads, and crush them to the floor again. They arise). (As Alphonse and Gaston are C., enter Cinch partially disguised as typical green goods man.)

CINCH—It is—it is—my dear nephew—(throws arms around Alphonse) my poor dead uncle—How I do miss him (cries) He was so good: Ah! This is his chain. (Takes watch-chain from around Alphonse's neck). How well I remember this chain—and the watch (pulls watch out of Alphonse's pocket, attached to chain). It is his watch—my poor dead uncle's watch! (Kisses watch, bursts into violent fit of crying as he exits with watch and chain, L. 1 E.) (Frenchmen look at each other—then toward L. 1 E.)

GASTON—He has the watch of his uncle.

(Enter Tramp R. 1 E.)



TRAMP—Did that rascal take your watch? I'll break his back—I'll fix him—lend me your cane. (Takes Gaston's gold headed cane). I'll fix him. (Goes out L. 1 E. shouting to Cinch to come back, etc.)

ALPHONSE—He has the cane of your uncle!

(Enter Cinch with full beard, different hat, R. 1 E.—Drops a pocket-book at Alphonse's feet.)

CINCH—Beg pardon—Is this your pocket-book? (opens it) My? what a lot of money.

ALPHONSE—No—it is not mine.

CINCH—There will be a reward for this. You look like an honest man. I live out of town. See—it's full of money. Give me \$20 and you keep this until the rightful owner advertises for it. (Gaston nudges Alphonse to take it. Alphonse gives Cinch money and takes the wallet.) Remember I get half of the reward. Here's my card and address. Good bye, sir—good bye. (Exits R. 1 E.)

ALPHONSE—I've got a whole lot of money! (laughs)

GASTON—Let me see it—(pulls out bills which prove to be one bill wrapped around a lot of paper. They look at each other disgusted. Just then Tramp enters L. 1 E.—Frenchmen turn and see him, recognize him. Tramp turns back as he goes up stage—and puts on a big black or red mustache.)

FRENCHMEN—You swindler—where is my cane? (Tramp turns—Frenchmen are amazed.)

TRAMP—What are you talking about? Who are you talking to?

FRENCHMEN—Beg pardon—we thought it was a thief who stole the cane. (They bow and beg pardon.)

TRAMP—Gentlemen, I have here a bargain! I wouldn't part with it—but I'm a stranger in the city and I must have money to leave town. This watch—this Waterbury watch. (shows tin watch.)

GASTON—Alphonse, you need a watch—you lost your uncle's.

TRAMP—Here is a watch that cost me \$25—you can have it for ten dollars. (Gaston urges Alphonse to buy it. He does so.) You'll find it a first-class Waterbury watch. Ta ta, gentlemen, ta ta—shake a day day. (Exits R. 1 E.)

ALPHONSE—This time we are not swindled (opens lid of watch and water pours out of it.) Oh! Waterbury Water Works.

GASTON—One scoundrel thief! Come home, Alphonse, come home!

(Larry enters L. 1 E. with satchel.)

LARRY—Sh! Not a word! Here's the chance of your life—see this? (Shows a gold brick from satchel) I have just returned from the gold mines. This is pure gold.

ALPHONSE—(bus) Yes—it feels heavy.

LARRY—You can take it to any jeweler—or to the mint. If he says it's not worth five thousand dollars I'll give you back half of it—and see this—(shows package of bills)—it is counterfeit money. No one knows the difference—It looks real! Have the whole business for five hundred dollars, for the police are after me.

ALPHONSE—Buy it, Gaston, and I will go halves—(Gaston looks in pockets for money. Larry places satchel on floor. Tramp runs in with duplicate satchel and takes the one with brick and money in it—leaving one filled with corset or hoop skirt and exits. Gaston pays Larry and picks up satchel.)

GASTON—There is your money.

LARRY—And there's your satchel, sir—good bye—good bye. (Exits R. 1 E.)

GASTON—This time we know what we are buying, (opens satchel—takes out corsets—faints in Alphonse's arms.) Oh! I am dead with surprise!

(Enter Cinch with bundle.)

CINCH—Hold this a moment, (puts it in Alphonse's arms) I don't want to go to the pawnbroker's—no—but I'm going to kill myself—I don't want to live. In that bundle

is the coat in which I was married (cries)—my wife is dead—and I may as well die, oh! let me die! Give me enough money to buy a pistol.

GASTON—Give him some money! (Alphonse gives him money.)

ALPHONSE—There is ten dollars, poor man.

CINCH—Thank you—thank you—you have saved my life! (Exits L. 1 E.)

GASTON—He wants a pistol to save his life.

(Alphonse opens bundle and an old pair of corsets drop out of it.)

ALPHONSE—This is the finish—some woman will be in a bundle next time.

GASTON—Come home—come home.

(Woman with a basket enters L. 1 E.)

WOMAN—Where is Watt Street? (They get tangled up on the name ad lib.) I'll find it myself—Have you got change of a five dollar bill?

GASTON—Oblige the lady Alphonse.

WOMAN—Two tens will do!—Please hold my basket, (Alphonse gives her the money.) Thank you, sir—I will be back in two minutes. (Skips off R. 1 E.)

(They look after her, both flirting, until baby cries in basket. They look around to discover where sound comes from.)

GASTON—I hear a baby crying! (They look in basket—bus.)

ALPHONSE—Oh, a baby in the basket. Take the basket, Gaston.

GASTON—You first, my dear Alphonse.

ALPHONSE—I beg you to take it. (Bowling ad lib as they back off L. 1 E. Baby crying and both working up a quick but good climax—exit with basket.)

(Enter Larry, Tramp, Cinch, Widow, Delia, Sol, Broncho, Waiter, and ladies all return, R. & L.)

CINCH—Now friends, tempt the fickle Goddess of Fortune—win if you can.

Music.

All are at table, the roulette, the faro, the wheel of fortune, rouge et noir, etc.

Specialty introduced.

An end of specialty. Waiter is at head of stairs, and a loud whistle is heard outside.

WAITER—Cheese it—the cops—a raid, a raid.

Music—Hurry.

The table changes into an organ, with lady or gentleman playing same, another table into a bookcase, with Jew reading a book, beside it, the blackboard flips up, to match the scene—all ladies have cards or hymn books, and signs on wall change to mottos, Love one another, Gather at the river, Feed the lambs, Trust in me, Beware of the wicked, etc. As soon as the change takes place, cops appear above, and descend steps to make a raid. As soon as police appear, all assume the methods and appearance of a Salvation Army meeting, or Sunday School, and sing, air "There is a happy land."

Chorus.

There is a boarding house not far away,

Where we have boiled eggs, three times a day;

Oh hear those boarders yell, when they hear the dinner bell,

Oh how those eggs do smell, three miles away.

This verse is placed here to avoid a religious hymn—unless it be a rag-time coon song, fit for the scene, to avoid offence. Comedians repeat the above verse as a country choir, cops are nonplussed, look at each other, Capt. Chapman can be introduced among them, cops shake heads, take off caps, and solemnly go upstairs, and out. Comedians laugh, jump up, join hands, and sing, Little Sally Waters, sitting in the sun, etc., and dance with joy. Placards, blackboards, table, etc., all change back.

SOL—It was lucky I knew that hymn—so I could sing a disinfected alto.

BRONCHO—Well, this beats all the Sunday Schools I ever saw—outside of Texas—but where's my coat? (bus).

CINCH—I'll find it for you—after we have lunch. Come, ladies, join us in the banquet room—the police can't raid that. (all exit except waiter).

WAITER—I think I will change my garments—so if I'm pinched, they won't recognize me (removes coat and vest, placing them on table; at that moment there is a whistle off L1., Waiter is alarmed). I wonder if they are coming back. (goes upstairs with coat, forgetting vest, exits L. U. E.)

TRAMP—(darts out L. 2 E., and gets the vest). I've got a coat and vest, and now for the pants, by hook or by crook. (exits L. 2 E.)

(Alphonse and Gaston enter R. 2 E.)

ALPHONSE—I cannot find my way out of this house.

GASTON—After you, my dear Alphonse.

ALPHONSE—Everybody seems to be after me, I have one brilliant idea.

GASTON—What is it, my dear Alphonse?

ALPHONSE—Somebody has been masquerading as yourself and myself.

GASTON—Passing themselves off as Alphonse and Gaston?

ALPHONSE—Wee—wee, it is that Irishman and ze Tramp.

GASTON—I will kill them both, I have been insulted.

ALPHONSE—After me, dear Gaston, (bowing bus.) I propose to be tit for tat,—we will be the Irishman and ze Tramp. (strike attitude.)

GASTON—One great brain—we are the Tramp and ze Irishman. Viva le France. At last, at last, we are revenge.

ALPHONSE—At last, at last, we are not in ze soup.

Music—Marsaillaise.

They go up-stairs, each clinging to outside edge of banisters, as if afraid of steps, Cinch enters with Larry and Tramp, R. 2 E., as Alphonse and Gaston.

CINCH—There is but one sure thing—you are Gaston and Alphonse—make love to the widow and her daughter—and marry them at once.

LARRY—What! Get married now!

CINCH—Certainly—She is prepared and you'll have wives and fortunes—I'll go and see a Parson at once. (Exits L. 1 E.)

(Place for specialty to give Alphonse and Gaston time to disguise themselves as Larry and Tramp. Are about to go up stairs—they meet Broncho, who grabs them both and brings them down steps to C.)

BRONCHO—Ah ha! Alphonse and Gaston—come to the slaughter house.

(Wrestles them ad lib. The real A. & G. appear at head of steps—and laugh—jump with delight to see Larry and Tramp dragged out R. 1 E. mistaken for them. They waltz—embrace each other—forget about the stairs and are flipped down by trick stairs again. They sit R. & L. as Widow all in white, and Delia all in white descend stairs. Alphonse and Gaston make violent signals to them that the stairs are dangerous—but they descend in safety. To their great astonishment Widow and Delia give them the cold shoulder.)

(Enter Cinch R. 1 E.)

CINCH—Ah, ladies—ready for the bridal—but where are the happy bridegrooms?  
Grand Chorus.

(Ladies enter—Larry and Tramp as Alphonse and Gaston come to the Widow and Delia, but they wave them aside and select the real Alphonse and Gaston. All this is done during the medley. The disgusted imitators of Alphonse and Gaston go behind the organ. Broncho descends steps with a bomb—lights it—throws it behind organ. Double dummies fly up of Alphonse and Gaston—while the real ones laugh—embrace each other—point up and bow to each other, C.—in great delight.)

**CURTAIN.**



# Alphonse and Gaston.

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ACT III. SCENE, CONEY ISLAND, THE BOWERY AND  
BEACH.



### Act III.—SCENE.

Coney Island. Bowery, in Coney Island. Ferris wheel and beach at back, with Ocean, etc., Bathing pavilions, booths, bath houses, saloons and side shows, all gayly decorated. Masking piece in front of Ferris wheel, to hide lower part from axle down. A trick chimney (funnel) L., as if funnel of steam boiler used to revolve wheel. Signs, "Loop the Loop," "Ye Olde Mill," "Merry Go Round," all sorts of catch penny machines; striking, blowing, or weighing, telescope.

(At rise of curtain) Chorus by bathing girls, and they retire. Barkers voices are heard, "this way for the learned pig;" "five cents to shoot the chutes;" "your photograph and a glass of beer for five cents." As curtain rises the Ferris wheel is revolving, to show how it works; and a scene of bustle and activity, leading to chorus of bathers. Then ladies retire, barkers are heard, and Cinch, arm in arm with Widow and Delia, enter L. U. E.

CINCH—Here's the happiest spot in the world; come as your money permits, and go as you please.

WIDOW—That's all very well, but when I go into the water, whose going to float me?

CINCH—Hundreds of men will fight for that privilege.

WIDOW—And the titled husband I paid you to get me? All I've got so far was a shipwreck and a narrow escape from marrying the wrong man.

DELIA—And the rich noblemen you promised me—Alphonse and Gaston?

CINCH—Here is the very place to meet them both; everybody comes to Coney Island, and Alphonse and Gaston will be found here; trust to me; I'll land them yet.

WIDOW—Well, take us around and show us the sights.

DELIA—Show us the Elephant and everything that looks attractive.

CINCH—I own all the side shows around here, and after a while we'll try the Ferris wheel, loop the loop and the merry go round; my arm, ladies. (They take his arm)

WIDOW—Oh, if we could only meet Alphonse, Oh dear

DELIA—And if I could only meet lonesome Gaston; heigho, I'm dead gone on him. (They exit into side show R).

A crash and noise in saloon L., Tramp is thrown out of saloon. (Out to C).

TRAMP—I was coming out, anyway. You saved me the trouble of opening the door. (Arises). This is an insult to an American citizen.

LARRY—(Enters R. U. E.) I'm out for a day's pleasure, and here is where I'll get it, if I don't watch my pocketbook.

TRAMP—Hello, Alphonse.

LARRY—Hello, Gaston—after you, my dear friend. (Laughs).

TRAMP—Old partner in crime, how are you, anyway?

LARRY—Great, come in and have something. (Indicates saloon).

TRAMP—No, I've been in there, and had something; I don't like the barkceper in there, he's a kicker.

LARRY—Well then, we'll go somewhere else, and you'll tell me how you ever saved your life.

TRAMP—That's a mystery; I never was so near heaven in all my life.

LARRY—(Suddenly). I saw them! I saw them! Alphonse and Gaston, on the beach. (Indicates L. U. E).

TRAMP—We won't do a thing to them, Oh, no; I'm on my native heath, now; I want to see some one blow me up.

LARRY—We want no foreigners here; come on, we'll formulate a plan of exclusion while we study irrigation. (They exit R. 3 E).

Music.

Marsaillaise. Enter Alphonse and Gaston, L. U. E., they pose down C., then bow to each other.

ALPHONSE—I beg of you to look at all these curiosities first.

GASTON—No, my dear Alphonse, I implore you to see them first, I insist.

Tough Girl enters L. 1 E, walks to C., drops her handkerchief. Both Frenchmen bow to each other, and insist that the other stoop and pick it up. A Bowery tough enters L. 1 E., smoking. Girl has retired up C. Tough slings Gaston to L. C., then Alphonse to R. C.

TOUGH—What do you mean by trying to swipe de lady's wipe? (He slaps Alphonse's face, then goes over to Gaston, and slaps him. Alphonse is laughing at Gaston's plight, and following up tough, who turns, and Alphonse runs to L., tough slaps him; as Gaston has followed up behind him, with threats, tough turns and Gaston runs R., he is slapped. Repeat this bus. about three times all told, and tough offers his arm to girl.

TOUGH—I'll come back and knock your blocks off, see? (Exit with girl R. 2 E).

Alphonse and Gaston look at each other sorrowfully, feel faces, then go up stage to C. to gaze after tough and girl.

ALPHONSE—I will kill him dead. (Bowing bus).

GASTON—I beg your pardon, my dear Alphonse, I will kill him.

Trumpet of automobile heard off L. Shouts of get out of the way, e'c. Automobile dashes across stage, just missing Alphonse and Gaston, who just have time to dart aside. They turn and look after the automobile.

Racket in R. 2 E. Monkey runs out, as if broken out of side show, runs under legs of Alphonse and Gaston, upsetting them both, and runs off L. U. E. Keeper comes from R. 2 E., seizes the Frenchmen, and in spite of their protests, drags them into side show, R. 2 E, as if he had recaptured the monkey.

Broncho and Gladys enter L. 1 E.

GLAYDS—Here is where we part for a short time only; you see I am the principal danseuse in the Sea Breeze Vaudeville Opera House.

BRONCHO—I'll hire the whole dern Opera House, but what I'll see you all the time; how do you dance?

GLAYDS—In about a half hour; and as soon as I am through, I will join you, and we will resume our promenade, ta, ta. (Blows kiss to him as she exits L. 3 E)

BRONCHO—She can have the whole cattle ranch, and Broncho Crockett to boot).

CINCH—(Enters R. 2 E). Hello, Mr. Crockett, glad to see you: welcome to Coney Island, where the gay bunco man nips the gay and festive jay.

BRONCHO—I am going to the theatre to see a fairy dance on the end of her toes.

CINCH—I'll fix that for you—(extends hand) I am the manager of the theatre, and you can have all that is in it, out of it, and around it, if I say so.

BRONCHO—(gives money) Then you're the man to see—I suppose you own the whole place.

CINCH—I own everything but the air you breathe—go in and take a front seat—here (pins badge on him) that shows you're stockholder in the Coney Island Investment Co., fifty dollars please (gets it) now you're with us, go right in, I'll see you soon as I count the money, in the company's safe.

Broncho enters booth L1 U. E., Larry and Tramp enter R. 3 E.

LARRY—Well, well, can I believe my eyes, Cinch?

CINCH—The only Cinch down here—(shakes hands with them.) I haven't forgotten my promise—that is, to get you a rich wife—what if I were to tell you that the Widow Garrity is here?



LARRY—Hush, or I'll faint in your arms. The Widow here ?

CINCH—Yes, and I've got her soured on Alphonse and Gaston.

LARRY—They're here—those two French baboons are here—I saw them.

CINCH—Then we'll worry them to death—as we did once before.

TRAMP—Excuse me, I don't get killed for those frogs any more.

CINCH—It's all right, if you're both killed on the Beach I'll have you buried on the beach—come with me, we must scheme, my boy, scheme, (extends hand) all's fish that comes to my net.

LARRY—Don't you get tired of fishing, sometimes (pays money) I'm on your fish line all the time.

CINCH—Come along, I'll introduce you to the Widow.

TRAMP—And fix me for the daughter. I've got lots of real estate in my hands. (They exit R. 3 E)

Alphonse and Gaston return R. 2 E.

ALPHONSE—That man thought I was one monkey.

GASTON—Excuse me, he saw me, Alphonse, he saw me. (Enter woman with baby L. 2 E.)

ALPHONSE—Oh, what a pretty baby—I will kiss the baby.

GASTON—After you, Alphonse, I beg—I implore you—to kiss the baby first (after short bus, Alphonse takes baby, squeezes it, bulb at back of its neck, and it squirts milk in his face. Hands baby to Gaston, who has not seen this. Baby squirts milk in Gaston's face, woman indignantly takes baby, threatens them, and exits R. 1 E. Frenchmen stagger up uuder funnel, (smoke stack) which tips over, sending a shower of soot (black saw dust) all over them. They fall. Funnel resumes its upright position, soon as they arise and bow, monkey runs out of L. U. E. under their legs, Frenchmen fall, monkey exits, R. 2 E, Frenchmen stagger off L. U. E., in each other's arms, all broken up. Widow and Delia in R. 2 E., scream, and enter.

WIDOW—My gracious, something ran past me that looked like Alphonse.

DELIA—The very picture of Gaston.

SCOOT'S—(Funny Dutch or character waiter, enters L. 2 E., and bows.) Ladies, can I recommend our restaurant—the only place in Coney Island where they put a clam in the clam chowder; the only place in Coney Island where you get some beer with the froth.

WIDOW—Order a banquet for two, and see here—have the clam chowder thick enough to eat with a spoon.

WAITER—I'll go out and shoot some clams—so they'll be fresh in the chowder, (exits L. U. E.)

DELIA—No use talking, this is a great place, and we'll get all the fun we're looking for.

Place for specialty or big act.

(Widow and Delia exit.)

Music

“Wearing of the Green,” (enter Larry and Tramp, disguised again as the two Frenchmen.)

LARRY—This fellow Cinch will have us in State prison yet—here we are, a couple of valentines, again.

TRAMP—But there's no danger here—except somebody may come up, and hitch a horse to us. Let's go into the theatre.

LARRY—I'll go you—but don't forget your French manners, my dear Gaston.

TRAMP—After you, mon cher Alphonse. (as they are bowing, Broncho enters L. 2 E.)

BRONCHO—What, the Frenchmen around here again. (Whoops) I'll do you up this time. (Larry and Tramp run off R. U. E., in fright. Broncho fires a shot after them, and pursues. The real Alphonse and Gaston enter L1 U. E. gaze in wonder at

sound of pistol, then Alphonse goes and sits at foot of machine, that, being struck, sends the number of pounds upwards. Gaston gets a padded mallet, and hits Alphonse on his battered hat, as he squats down; a long strip of white muslin is pulled up by string, showing hundreds and thousands of pounds struck; this is registered against a wing or tall booth; Alphonse jumps up in great pain, as if skull was battered, Gaston apologizes, ad lib )

GASTON—I am so sorry, my dear Alphonse, I hit your head.

ALPHONSE—Do not worry yourself, there is nothing in it. We will try some machines.

GASTON—After you, my dear Alphonse—(bow and come to striking machine; waiter works this, getting the money. Alphonse hits the striking machine (L.) which rebounds The glove darting out, and knocking him backward—flat, C. Gaston blows into the blowing machine (R) and it explodes—a rubber ball is thrown out from R., hitting Gaston in breast, or face, as shot is fired—he falls. Fat woman comes out of booth or side show, walks over both Frenchmen, as if she did not see them, and exits L U E Monkey runs out of R. 2 E., hits them with short slap stick, and runs into L 2 E.; before the Frenchmen can arise the automobile is driven across, and over them—horn tooting as it flies across from R. to L. Lady snake charmer with two long dummy snakes runs out from R. 3 E., throws the snakes down on them, screams, and runs into L 2 E., Frenchmen get up, wrestle with snakes, and exit ad lib L. U. E. enter Larry and Tramp, R. 1 E )

LARRY—I'm going to take these clothes off—that crazy Texas fellow is after us again

TRAMP—I don't see why I should risk my life this way. (Enter Widow and Delia from L 2 E., ladies utter cry of astonishment, and pleasure.)

WIDOW—Can I believe my eyes, Alphonse ?

DELIA—It is, it is, Gaston (Ladies run up, and embrace and hug Larry and Tramp, joyously.)

LARRY—(aside) It's all right, I'll keep on these clothes.

TRAMP—I'm willing to be killed for this. (more embraces )

WIDOW—Come sweetheart, take me to loop the loop, and the merry-go-round.

DELIA—And I want to go round that big wheel with you, Gaston

LARRY—First let's go in swimming.

WIDOW—How delightful, and Alphonse will float me.

DELIA—And Gaston will float me. (they exit skipping gayly R. U. E )

Here can be introduced dancing girls from pavilion—then waiter brings in table from L. 2 E., with chairs.

WAITER—The ladies said they wanted to eat their lunch out here, but I guess they're gone away. (Enter Alphonse and Gaston from L. 1 E., they come to table, and drop into chairs, exhausted.) I won't ask them what they want, I'll just bring it (exits L.)

ALPHONSE—My dear Gaston, I am tired of this rapid life.

GASTON—I think I will swim back to France. (Enter Waiter with big tin syringe, squirts water from it into plates on table.)

ALPHONSE and GASTON—What it is ?

WAITER—Clam chowder, soup.

ALPHONSE and GASTON—We don't want some soup.

WAITER—Then you needn't have it. (Draws it up with syringe, and exits L.)

ALPHONSE—Every body is crazy but yourself and myself.

GASTON—It is one crazy people. (Waiter brings sausages on plate, puts them on table.)

FRENCHMEN—What it is, then ?

WAITER—Sausages.

FRENCHMEN—How much for sausages.

WAITER—One dollar. (Frenchmen whistle at price, utter several whistles, and the sausages are pulled up into flies by a string, which was affixed to them when brought out by waiter).

WAITER—Don't you know better than to whistle when there are sausages on the table? Pay me one dollar. (Frenchmen bow and beg each other to be allowed to pay the bill; they can't agree).

ALPHONSE—We will blindfold the waiter; who he catches will pay the bill.

GASTON—One grand idea. (They blindfold waiter and run off L. U. E. as Larry and Tramp enter R. 2 E., waiter catches them, exclaiming, "I've got you;" removes the blindfold.

WAITER—Pay me one dollar.

BOTH—What for?

WAITER—Here, no bluffs, you know what for; sausages.

LARRY—Is the man crazy?

WAITER—I'll show you if I'm crazy or not. Pay me the dollar, or I'll punch the French head off of you. (Bus. Larry pays dollar).

TRAMP—Give him a dollar for me; that'll be six you owe me. (Larry pays waiter.)

WAITER—Next time don't come down here to beat anybody; we're on to you foreigners. (Takes table and exits L).

LARRY—Do you remember eating sausages? I don't.

TRAMP—I don't remember anything since I became a Frenchman. (Enter Broncho R. 2 E., comes down and collars and shakes them).

BRONCHO—I've got you at last, have I? Now then, I'll force you to apologize to the lady, then I'll kill you both, as I would a coyote. Stay here, you miserable parlee vous, till I get the lady; don't move, or I'll let daylight into your monkey carcasses, whoop, I'm out for blood. (Exits L. 2 E).

TRAMP—I throw up my job.

LARRY—Cinch has got to square this for us. He's out for blood. (They run into R. 2 E. as Alphonse and Gaston return laughing, L. U. E., and Broncho and Gladys enter 1 2 E).

BRONCHO—Now apologize to the lady, and prepare to die. (Shows pistols).

ALPHONSE—After you, my dear Gaston.

GASTON—I beg of you, to allow me to do the honors.

BRONCHO—Apologize, or die on the spot.

GLADYS—For my sake, don't kill them both at once; let each be killed separately.

FRENCHMEN—Oh, what a nice lady.

BRONCHO—Down on you knees, and apologize to her. (Fires shot in the air, Frenchmen drop on their knees, just as Cinch, Larry and Tramp run out of R. 2 E). What, do I see snakes? Have I got 'em again?

FUNNY COP—(Runs in L. U. E). Who fired that shot?

Fat Woman runs in from L. U. E. She knocks down Alphonse and Gaston.

Music.

Monkey runs out L., and jumps on Frenchmen. All characters appear at back. Larry and Tramp run off L. 2 E., followed by Alphonse and Gaston, Broncho, Fat Woman, Monkey and Cop in pursuit, a quick and hurry chase in and out of doors, and across stage, into booths. At last Alphonse and Gaston, Fat Woman and Monkey, run behind Ferris wheel, which revolves. Alphonse and Gaston, Fat Woman and Monkey whirled round and round. Broncho down L., fires at them; Gladys trying to stop him. Widow faints in Cinch's arms, Delia fanning her. Larry appears on top of booth, with Tramp, and have fingers to nose. Waiter clutching at men on wheel, as they go whirling past him, Automobile on at finish.

CURTAIN.

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